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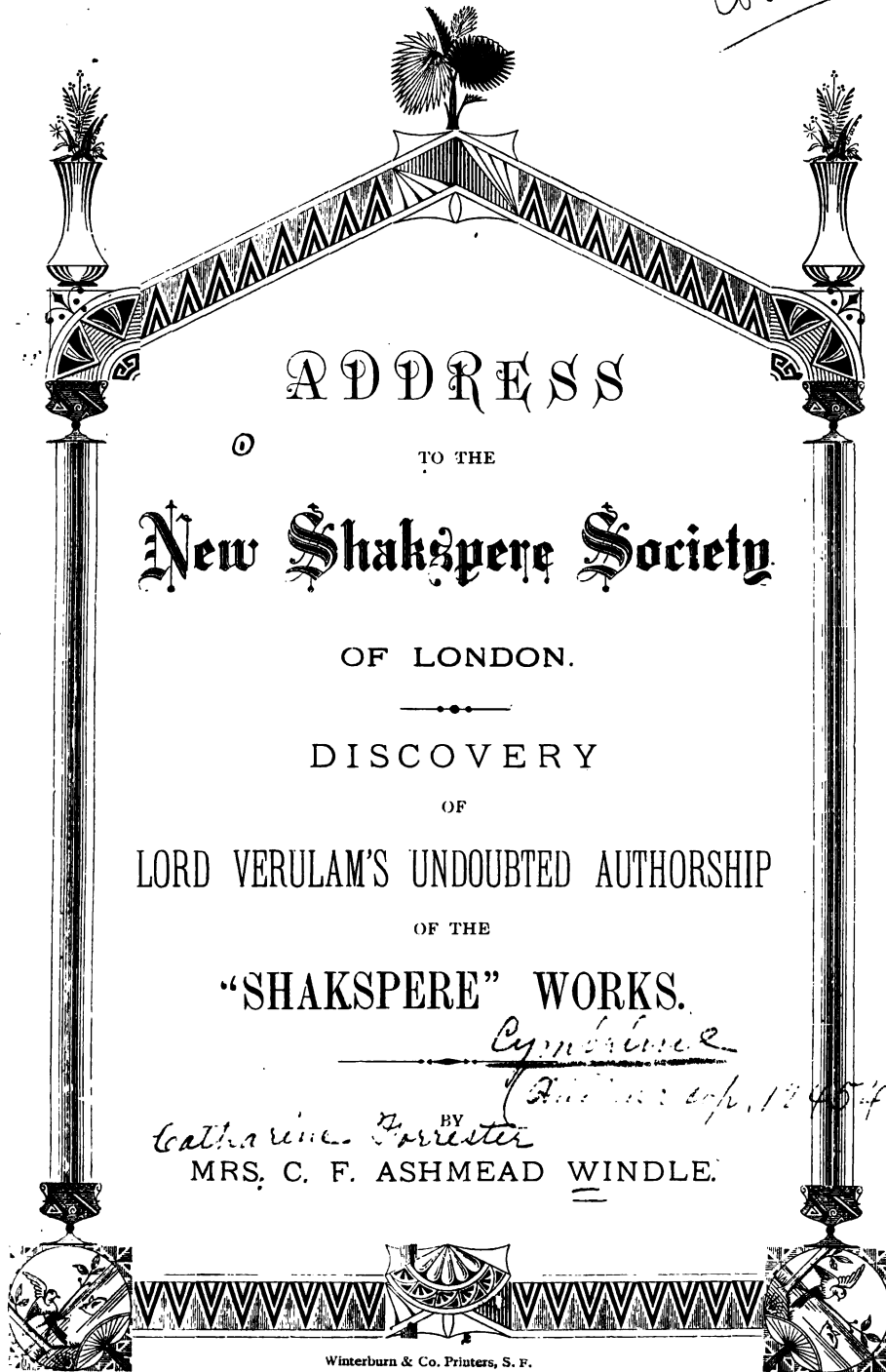


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Journal, 1715. C. 1. 1. 1.

Cover



ADDRESS

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TO THE

New Shakspeare Society

OF LONDON.



DISCOVERY

OF

LORD VERULAM'S UNDOUBTED AUTHORSHIP

OF THE

"SHAKSPEARE" WORKS.

Cymbeline

(Ant. & Cleop., 1745)

Catharine Forrester

BY

MRS. C. F. ASHMEAD WINDLE.

Winterburn & Co. Printers, S. F.

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1881. Nov. 17,

By mail.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1881.

Gentlemen of the New Shakspeare Society of London :

I have the honor of informing your distinguished Association that I have discovered an allegorical under-meaning, running throughout the works called "Shakespeare's," disclosing their author to have been undoubtedly your distinguished countryman, FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM—already, before this halo to illumine his honors, the proudest name on the roll of English fame.

It is about two years and a half since—entirely of myself—I made the discovery to which I have alluded, and, my life being very retired, I have had no opportunity of communicating with any one versed in these dramas, with a view to making it generally known. Feeling more and more deeply that my revelation is of imperative importance to the memory of the illustrious Bacon, to the English nation, and to the whole literary world, I have now determined to communicate directly with your Society in regard to its public announcement, as, my health being lately delicate, I am liable to quit the world at any time, leaving it unrevealed.

To satisfy you that my overture of a discovery so momentous is nothing chimerical or unsustained, I submit respectfully to you here—with my under-reading of the play of "CYMBELINE."

CYMBELINE.

The play of CYMBELINE has universally been a favorite among the so-called Shakespeare dramas, and, out of much study, both of the closet and of the stage, has not unfrequently borne the palm of greatest praise among the glorious galaxy to which it belongs. Mr. Swinburne, in his recent "Study of Shakespeare," calls it "the play of plays," lovingly reserving for it the finishing touches of his eloquent handling of the theme from a former standpoint.

But, people of England—the land which gave the world the one unequalled fame of these matchless dramas—and you, gentlemen of the New Shakspeare Society of London—the city whose ground is made sacred by the once bodily foot-prints of the one earthly demigod, whose like the world never saw before, nor ever will see again, in the writer of these plays—I have a new presentation of CYMBELINE, to which I respectfully invite your particular, honorable and reverent attention.

I propose to show you that the author, too, has given to this particular drama so much of his own favoritism as to have committed to it the definite statement of **THE ENIGMA** he had left to posterity in the volume of his dramas. Briefly to preface, I propose to show you this play as a *VEILED ALLEGORY*, placed by the author at the end of his book as *the appropriate termination of a series of similar allegories, or semi-allegories, bearing throughout the burden of the same ENIGMA*—thus confidently to commit, as well as distinctly to suggest, its propounded **SECRET** to the chances of futurity. I shall disclose to you the great author here pathetically and divinely, in the form of this most touching and exquisite allegory, renouncing the fame of his dramas, as for himself personally, in his own day and generation, lest this should extinguish them for posterity; but yet in the end predicting, with an assurance of Jovian prophecy, that this severed branch of his fame should, with those other "lopped" branches of his philosophy and virtuous character, in coming time be restored to his name in the spreading honors of his beloved England.

I should premise that the **KEY** to the running allegory involved in the dramas is contained in the *mystery of the sonnets*. This mystery once pierced, and carried into the reading of the plays, reveals *an absolute divineness of ideality underlying their mere outward form, as well as*

a plaintive autobiographical information of the poet's consciousness, enhancing them above all possible eulogy, save that tacit one of reciprocal apprehension of miracle performed. I infer, from this necessary relation of the sonnets to the plays, that it was for such reason, when CYMBELINE was produced from the author's pen, in 1609, with its final definite proposition of his continuous ENIGMA, that the *sonnets* were in the same year issued from the press. He no doubt must then have expected that this would be the last play he should write. It is a circumstance perhaps not undeserving of notice in this connection, that after that date *William Shakespeare* returned no more to London from the oblivion of Stratford.

Suitably to the evident design of CYMBELINE, whatever other plays may, through change of plan, have been produced after it in the order of time, it still takes its intended and fitting place at the end of the folio of 1623, presenting the GREAT VOLUME'S ENIGMA at its close.

I have found that all the names of the *dramatis personæ* are *symbolical*, being severally significant in the vital allegory concealed under their outward manifestation. Interwoven with a tale of Boccacio's, a portion of "Holinshed's Chronicles," and an original episode, the author has—in seemingly fictitious personifications merely, and under the designation of comedy—written the crowning tragedy of a life, out of which (on account of his transcending sensibilities, want of appreciation and the force of adverse circumstances) all the overpowering tragedy in his works became expressed. Hence, for the purpose of rendering to you the allegory, it is requisite that I should give you, before entering upon it, the following

KEY TO CYMBELINE.

EXPLANATION OF THE SYMBOLICAL NAMES OF PERSONAGES.

CYMBELINE: A cymbal*. (Used here to represent Britain in the *expansion* of her Fame; that is, in the following sense :
"Tiberius Cæsar *cymbalum mundi* vocabat"
—filled the world with his discussions. *Pliny*
and *Virgil*.)

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS: (British) Lion-born Posthumously.

CLOTEN: Clothing. (Intending the living bodily personality, as but the *clothing* of the immortal parts, transmitted in knowledge and character.)

BELARIUS: Bel-Air, or Fine Air. (Referring to the lofty atmosphere of study and thought.)
(Otherwise called)

MORGAN: My Organ (Meaning the "*Novum Organum*.")

* NOTE.—Bacon, in his essay on "Judicature," used the *cymbal* as a figure to express the award of just sentence, as, "An over-speaking judge is no well-tuned *cymbal*."

ing fame in posterity. Hence POSTHUMUS, in being the son of SICILIUS, is designed to represent this future fame promised in the SONNETS. TENANTIUS, by whom SICILIUS "had his titles" of beauty, grace and honour beyond all comparison, *was the writer or dweller in the Sonnets* who, for his patriotic services "gained the sur-addition, LEONATUS;" and he, of course, signifies, the author of the dramas, Francis Bacon. Posthumus is thus described by the conversation:

"1st Gent. A creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something falling
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2nd Gent. You speak him far.

1st Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly."

Such was the great author's conscious measurement of his future proper recognition, told in allegory; but he knew it would not be until distant time, and that to speak thus of himself in the play was to "speak him far." What a meaning do not these three monosyllables take on in this new light!

Then one of the speakers relates how the father of Posthumus had died of a broken heart caused by the death of "two LEONATI, his sons"—*offspring of the same Genius which created Posthumus, and meaning the poems of "Venus and Adonis," and "Tarquin and Lucrece,"* not included in the folio, and hence presumed by the author to be lost to his future fame. The narrator goes on to tell how Posthumus was born after his father's death, adopted by the king, and named Posthumus Leonatus; and thus describes his breeding and training at the Court—presenting, under the allegory, a beautiful picture of Bacon's own childhood.

“*1st Gent.* The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took
As we do air, fast as ’twas ministered; and
In his spring became a harvest: Lived in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved,
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards.”

This praise of Posthumus is crowned by the assertion that the preference of Imogen for Posthumus, and her marrying him against her father's will was sufficient to show his quality:

"1st *Gent.* Her own price
 Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is."

Now IMOGEN, from the Latin *Imo* (the opposite to what appears) ^{not Italian} signifies the Image-in, or imagination of Bacon, as depicted in the dramas.* The QUEEN, her step-mother, "second wife to Cymbeline," represents the age or period of British history in which Bacon lived. Cymbeline, the king, or Britain, wishes to marry Imogen (the dramas) to the Queen's son Cloten. CLOTEN, from Clotho (the spinner of individual fate) is the clothing of Bacon, meaning Bacon's mere living personality, which, as the Queen's son, was the product of his time and circumstances, but which was only the outward garb of the true Man, the Philosopher, and the Poet it enveloped as a garment.

After the marriage of Posthumus and Imogen contrary to the wish of Cymbeline, the king orders him away from the Court and Britain. This leads me to explain that the separation of Posthumus from Imogen is designed to figure Bacon's separation of his fame from the plays until futurity.

The Queen, in Act I, Scene 2d, attempts to offer consolation to Imogen and Posthumus, in the prospect of their parting:

"Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner,
But my gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint."

This signifies that the circumstances of the moment did not permit Bacon to claim the plays, but that they should nevertheless have the freedom of the public.

The Queen then says to Posthumus:

"Queen. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You leaned unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you."

The "marry" in the foregoing is not, in the under-sense, an interjection only, as it seems in the outward construction, but it means that it will not do yet for Bacon to marry his name to his dramas, during some occasion of national offence connected with them, and therefore, it were the part of "wisdom" to bear his "sentence" with what "patience" he could. The Queen's seeming encouragement to them against her real objections, indicates the delusive hopes the author at first entertained, of being able to acknowledge his works in his own day. The Queen, having left Posthumus and Imogen alone, Imogen says, with a fine touch, in the allegory, of Bacon's suffrance as a

* Note. For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies.—Sonnet 24.

courtier, and showing an instance of his committing the record of such suffering to the pages of the dramas:

"*Imogen.* O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle when she wounds!"

and then Imogen proceeds, with assurance of her capacity of endurance under adverse conditions, in the hope of their re-union—meaning the assured endurance of Bacon's future fame in the dramas:

"*Imogen.* My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserved my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me: *You must be gone;*
And I shall here abide the shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again."

Then Posthumus utters his regrets to leave her:

"*Post.* My Queen! my mistress!
O lady weep no more! lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man!"

As much as for Bacon to say: "O my dramas! *let me not show too much grief in your pages* for this our separation of name, lest the world should realize the pathos of that necessitated divorce which well nigh unmans me as I write."

They finally exchange tokens, and part.

Cloten, as I have already explained, represents the bodily personality of Bacon, as being merely the *clothing* of the real man—the phase he was forced by circumstances to wear to his own generation for a covering. *The advances of Cloten to Imogen symbolize the natural desire of Bacon to wed the dramas to his living reputation* and acknowledge them in his own day. The frequent references to *attire* through the play in connection with Cloten determine his symbolical significacy as to its verbalism, while the genius of the character and other points express its intenser application. The following scene of his first introduction has one of these, and also discloses the *bodily* form he symbolizes; and there is some deep pathos of personal satire, considered in its application to Bacon by himself, if carefully digested. It is a conversation between Cloten and two Lords in relation to an encounter of a hostile nature between Posthumus and Cloten:

"*1st Lord:* Sir, I would advise you to shift a *shirt*. The violence of action hath made you *reek as a sacrifice*. *Where air comes out air comes in. There's none so wholesome as that you vent.*"

The word "shirt" in the above suggests *clothing*, and I have italicised the fine satire toward himself of the unappreciated virtuous man whose life was a "sacrifice" to his generation.

"Cloten. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it."

As though to say, "If my body were stained with dissipation, then, etc."

"Cloten. Have I hurt him?"

"1st Lord. His body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt.
It's a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt."

Steeled to concealment of feeling, if in good health.

"2nd Lord. His steel was in debt: it went to the back side o' the town."

Bacon was once confined for debt, to which this, doubtless, is a satirical allusion.

"Cloten. The villain would not *stand* me."

In the word "stand" there is a direct suggestion as to the incorporeal nature of Posthumus.

"2nd Lord. No, but *he fled forward still, toward your face.*"

Bacon's renunciation of poetic fame still looked forward at least to future recognition.

"1st Lord. Stand you! you have *land enough* of your own; but he added to your having: gave you some *ground*."

"Land" and "ground" in the above suggest bodily location, while the satirical idea is that Bacon's consciousness of future fame in the dramas added to his present value with good ground.

"2nd Lord. As many *inches* as you have oceans. Puppies!"

The word "*inches*" still implies the bodily occupation of room; and the sense is that as many oceans of reserved fame as were in store for Bacon, by so much was he really then a greater man. The exclamation, "Puppies!" expresses his sense of superiority therefore, to all his contemporaries.

"Cloten. I would they had not come between us."

This means, "I would I need not have been parted from my poetic fame."

"2nd Lord. So would I, till you had measured how *long* a fool you were upon the *ground*."

The words "long" and "ground" here imply, as before, bodily occupancy, having their significance in relation to the symbolical Cloten as the bodily Bacon, but they may also express the author's regret that he should have been forced to separate his name from the plays in the beginning by a rash mistake, *before he had the time to have tested their personal advantage.*

All the foregoing is very pregnant in the allegory.

We have next the beautiful scene of Imogen's questioning Pisanio concerning the departure of Posthumus.

PISANIO is the servant of Posthumus, and *symbolizes the fear of Bacon toward the future perpetuity of the dramas*. Beautiful as this scene is outwardly, it takes on a transformation of divinity, as we read it with its under-meaning in the author's soul as he penned it.

"Imogen. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And questioned'st every sail. *If he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offered mercy his.*"

His in the last line is the folio reading, and I have restored it, as evidently the one designed. It means, that the mercy posthumously offered *the author*, depends upon the preservation of all the plays intact. She continues:

"Imogen. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

"Pisanio. 'Twas, 'His queen, his queen!'"

Then later, this by Pisanio is filled with the allegorical sense of the fear that clung to Bacon about the perpetuity of the plays, and the last verses express his sad sense of how slowly the barque freighted with his soul must move on to find his recognition compared with the swiftness of his personal career. Their marvellous fitness to both the outward and under meaning exhibits an artistic instance of the singular antithesis of which language is capable:

"Pisanio. So long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others. he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat or handkerchief,
Still waving, *as the fits and stirs of his mind*
Could but express how slow his soul sailed or,
How swift his ship."

In Imogen's reply to this, we learn that the future value of the dramas admonished the author's fears for their preservation to make this value appear "as little as a crow, or less, ere left to after-eye him," that is, that they should be "left" as something of insignificance as much as possible in the eyes of his remaining generation. And his fears reply that they did so. The ingenuity of the allegorical adaptation is superb:

"Imogen. Thou should'st have made him
*As little as a crow, or less
To after-eye him."*

"Pisanio. Madam, so I did."

It is needless for me to point out here, that it was thus he thought of William Shakespeare, in leaving the plays in his name. But the dramas in their parted fame, would have traced him in their own anxious manifestations, and have proven him by some subtle test, following

him until he had melted to the fine air of their own poetry, or had become lost in their tears:

"*Imogen.* I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye and wept."

And here we have him at his orisons, as she continues, further on:

"*Imogen.* Or I have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, or noon, or midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, *for then*
I am in heaven for him."

That is to say, that through him the heaven of the dramas was at those hours in process of creation. And she ends:

"*Imogen.* Or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Between two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North
Shakes all our buds from growing."

The succeeding scene, showing the arrival of Posthumus in Italy, may be noted in the allegory chiefly for an allusion to Bacon's brief stay in France in his adolescence. There is the following conversation respecting Posthumus, by Iachimo, Philario and a Frenchman:

"*Iachimo.* Believe me, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note;* expected to prove so worthy as he hath since been allowed the name of; *but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I do peruse him item by item.*"

This last clause is notable for its instant determination of the figure of Iachimo in the allegory. We know at once of him, what develops more and more in the process of the play. He *stands for SLANDER*, as is evident by his detraction of Posthumus, and *his absolute symbol in the piece is a slander toward the dramas, endangering their perpetuity*. The conversation continues:

"*Philario.* You speak of him when he is less furnished than he is now, with that which makes him, both without and within.

"*Frenchman.* I have seen him in France; he had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

"*Iachimo.* This matter of marrying the king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own) *words him I doubt not a great deal from the matter.*"

That is to say that the fame of the dramas might be detracted from by slanderous rumor.

* NOTE.—*Crescendo*, ascending.

"*Frenchman*. And then his banishment.

"*Iachimo*. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, *which else an easy battery might lay flat for taking a beggar without less quality*."

There is slander, depreciating under cover of praise, while it gloats in the utter defencelessness of its prey. It indicates how easy it was to jeopardize the dramas at their outset, the author being poor and unfriended with the prize of his genius.

It is not necessary to the unveiling of this allegory to recapitulate the portion of its outward form describing the wager upon Imogen between Posthumus and Iachimo.

Omitting it, I will take up next the scene between the Queen and Pisanio, in which she (representing that day and time) says of Imogen (the dramas) as to Cloten's wishes (Bacon's natural desire for the fame of the plays in his life-time):

"*Queen*. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think, *in time*,
 She will not quench; and let instruction enter,
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master."

In the portions of the above which I have italicized, there is a converse sense from the one presented, containing a prophecy of the perpetuity of the dramas, and of their being redeemed to become a medium of instruction, instead of being a folly of the stage, corrupt as it then was. The last two lines imply that if Bacon could banish the apprehension of destruction to the future fame of the plays, and were therefore to acknowledge them, it were to overcome his fear.

The Queen proceeds with a brief, but graphic sketch, evidently drawn by Bacon from the reality of his own position as a courtier, at the time this play was written:

"*Queen*. Greater, for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is: to shift his being
 Is to exchange one day's misery for another:
 And every day that comes, *comes to decay*
 A day's work in him. What shall thou expect
 To be a depender on *a thing that leans?*
 Who cannot be rebuilt, nor has no friends
 So much as but to prop him?"

At the period assigned to the writing of this play, (1609) the biographies of Bacon inform us that he was experiencing the painful sense of long continued repression and repeated disappointments, through the envious machinations of others. The above passage is

intensely pathetic, and its sorrow is ennobled by the plaintive regret for delayed opportunities, because "every day that comes, comes to decay a day's work in him."

The beautiful scene of Iachimo's interview with Imogen and the result of the wager, with the Italian's surreptitious entrance into her chamber, and his stealing the bracelet which was the parting token of Posthumus to her, need not here be detailed, although here and there points pertinent to the allegory may be found in it. The author has chiefly used it for the interest of his outward plot, and as a concealment of his allegory, while the incident at the same time lends it a suitable analogy.

The scene of Iachimo's interview with Imogen is followed by another conversation between Cloten and two Lords. It contains a number of ironical hits on the author's personality that involve a study, and ends with the following soliloquy by one of the Lords after the others have made their exit:

"Lord. That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this, her son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; *keep unshaken*
That temple thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land."

The allusion to the state-craft and intellectual power of England in this passage is marked, as the allegory is understood, as is also that to the writer's separation of his name from the plays for that day, as from an injury, for the sake of their future "honour" to it, and to his "great land." It contains two or three lines which evidently to my mind had a special meaning to the writer, and they have stimulated my curiosity as to what this meaning can have been. They are these:

"—And this, her son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen."

That word "heart" came *from* the heart, I feel. I have surmised the subject in the author's mind may have been his deliberation as to the preserving in the folio, or the discarding from it, of some two of his plays—presuming the passage to have been a final touch at the time of the making-up of the folio. The number of the previously published and unpublished plays in the folio is respectively eighteen. The appearances are that he did come near leaving out even one of these—the *Troilus and Cressida*, but that he "could not find it in

“his heart” to do so, and hurried it in, at the last, so that it stands unpaged. Again, in another scene, we have Cloten in an ante-room adjoining Imogen’s apartment, conversing with a lord. Under the outward bantering there is a touching allusion to Bacon’s own “patient” bearing, and exterior calmness under disappointment:

* 1st Lord. *Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.*

♥ *Cloten.* It would make any man cold to lose.

* 1st Lord. *But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.*

"Cloten. Winning would put any man into courage. *If I could get that foolish Imogen I should have gold enough.*"

After getting a musician to give Imogen a matin song, he knocks at her door, and gives her lady in waiting gold for his admission. But Imogen rebuffs his advances, and breaks out against him thus:

“*Imogen.*

Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative to your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom,
And hated for being preferred so well."

This great author was so fond of a pun, that in the foregoing he put a very poor one in the line I have italicized. He means by it to express in the allegory that Cloten was the body underhanging the head of which Posthumus was the monarch, as of a kingdom.

Imogen continues:

"He never can meet more mischance
Than to be *named* of thee."

Signifying the danger to Bacon's future fame in the plays, if they were connected with his name then. She adds:

"*Imo.*

His meanest *garment*

That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee
Were they all made such men."

The word "clipped" is pointedly chosen here, as applying to clippings from manuscripts or books, in their relation to posthumous fame. And "garments" in being immediately caught up and echoed by Cloten repeatedly with much stress, suggests significantly the allegorical translation of his name:

“His *garment*?—nay, the devil—”

And echoed again:

“His garment?”

And re-echoed:

"You have abused me—
His meanest *garment*?

And yet again:

"I'll be revenged!
His meanest *garment*!"

In the embassy of Caius Lucius to Cymbeline, with its demand of Roman tribute, there is a designed analogy with the political situation of the day in Britain, which it will be easy for historical students to fit as to the particulars without my help, and it is apart from the main allegory. But there is in the scene a fine passage of national pride as spoken by the Queen, representing the voice of that age, that I will not pass over. It was Bacon himself, however, as he stood ever in boast and warning the patriot spokesman of his beloved Britain:

"*Queen.*

Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors: together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
At Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemy's boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of came, and saw, and overcame; with shame
(The first that ever touched him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas
Like eggshells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britains strut with courage."

Cloten remarks:

"*Cloten.*

Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses:"

And again:

"*Cloten.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars; other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none:"

And reiterating:

"*Cloten.* Why, tribute, why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay tribute for light, else, sir, no more tribute pay you now,"

All these represent Bacon's stand in Parliament on analagous issues of his own day.

Cymbeline says, (speaking as for Britain's fame):

"Son, let your mother end."

That is to say, "Let this age pass, and give way to greater."

As to the point upon which the plot of the drama turns, Iachimo's falsehood respecting Imogen to Posthumus, I need only explain that Iachimo represents a *slander cast upon the dramas* (Imogen), inciting Bacon (Posthumus) through fear (Pisanio) to their destruction. The symbolical character of Pisanio is well sustained. He is absent from Posthumus, and guarding Imogen, at the time the rash and fatal wager of the former is made. When Posthumus has heard the slander of Iachimo against Imogen, he is frenzied, and resolves that she must be destroyed. He therefore writes a letter to her, alluring her to Milford Haven under the pretence that he is there to meet her; and at the same time writes another to Pisanio, telling him of what he has heard to her detriment from Iachimo, and containing the command "Let thy own hand take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven." Imogen, on the receipt of her letter is eager to set out, and Pisanio arranges for their instant departure.

When they arrive at Milford Haven, he cannot find it in his heart to obey his master's orders, and kill his mistress, but stands irresolute and hesitating.

His manner and attitude, as thus described in the text, in language put into the mouth of Imogen, would serve an artist, as itself asserts, for a painted representation of the emotion of FEAR; determining his symbol in the under reading:

"Imogen.

Pisanio! Man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? *One but painted thus*
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a havior of less FEAR, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses."

Pisanio, not being able to summon resolution to kill Imogen, then tells her that there is in fact no need for it, since she is already virtually dead by

"Pisanio.

Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms o' the Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world."

As she, however, entreats to die, since Posthumus has proved recreant to her, yet cannot kill herself, Pisanio still hesitates to do her fateful bidding—telling her it cannot be but that his master has been "abused" respecting her, saying:

"Pisanio.

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury."

He then suggests to her that he might but announce to Posthumus her death with some "bloody sign" of it, yet leave her still alive. To that she agrees, asserting that she shall never return to the court again.

"Imogen. No court, no father, no more ado
With that harsh, noble," simple nothing
Cloten."

Pisanio rejoins with this advice:

"Pisanio. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That which to appear itself must not yet be
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves."

She consents, though it be "peril to her modesty," and he explains to her a project of disguise thus:

"Pisanio. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) to a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek
Exposing it (but O the harder heart,
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry."

The foregoing evidently refers to the necessity of giving over the dramas to the coarse and vulgar stage, as it was in that day, and to the requirement of their adaptation to it more or less.

Imogen agrees, and Pisanio, having anticipated this result, has prepared in his *cloak-bag* a youth's disguise, in which he desires her to attire herself, and offer her services as page to the Roman General, then on his embassy to the court, and who must pass that way on his return:

"Pisanio. Tell him wherein you are happy (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music)."

Thus marking her *poetic* symbolism in the allegory.

Pisanio adds:

* NOTE.—This character, it will be observed, is touched with infinite tenderness, withal.

To which she responds:

**"Imogen. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with."**

The dramas were, by the allegorical construction of the above, to continue, subsisting in and by *fear*.

From all which foregoing we gather that *a slander had early fallen upon the dramas*, causing the author at first to decide that it were necessary to suppress them, but that *through fear of the great loss to his posthumous fame as a part of British glory, and to all posterity* in so doing, he finally resolved to preserve them under a disguise—even, self-evidently, the disguise of Shakespeare. And, by the way, there is a definite reference in this play, in a previous passage, to *Shakespeare's false title in the dramas*, as well as another allusion to the existing corruptions of the stage. It is put into Iachimo's mouth in his interview with Imogen which I have passed over, to say thus:

"*Tachimo.* A lady
So fair, and fastened to an Empiry
*Would make the GREATEST KING DOUBLE;** to be partnered
With tom-boys, hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature; such boiled stuff
As well might poison poison."

In the next scene Imogen is missed from the court. Her father is angered. The Queen rejoices, making this remark, which points definitely her symbolical sense in the allegory:

"Queen. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour: and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down
I have the placing of the British crown."

As much as to say, that with the extinction of the dramas, the one perpetual crown of British poetry would be lost, and only the other comparatively ephemeral productions of the day would remain.

When Cloten learns of Imogen's flight, he resolves to follow her, and be avenged on her for disdainng his suit. He says:

"Cloten. I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; *from every one*
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Oustells them all."

* NOTE. "Would make the greatest king double;" there is really no sense in this at all, except in the allegory, when it becomes most luminous.

That well describes *the compound of all female character comprised in the dramas*. He continues:

"Cloten. I love her, therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and in this point
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be revenged on her."

At this moment, Pisanio, who has left Imogen at Milford Haven and returned to court, enters, and Cloten furiously demands of him the whereabouts of Imogen. For reply, he presents the letter of Posthumus to Imogen, requesting her to meet him at Milford Haven—supposing her to be by this time departed with the Roman ambassador who has left court, and beyond the reach of pursuit. Cloten then tells Pisanio he has been a good servant to Posthumus, and endeavours to impress him into his own service. Considering Pisanio as Fear, the following is very pointed in its satirical application by Bacon to himself.

"Cloten. Sirrah, If thou would'st not be a villian, but do me true service; *undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villiany soe'er I bid thee do, perform it directly and truly.* I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st *neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.* Wilt thou serve me? for, since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the base fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?"

"Pisanio. Sir, I will.

"Cloten. Give me thy hand, *here's my purse.*"

This, and the previous clause, "Thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief," intimate very clearly, that Bacon's fears as to acknowledging his dramas often drew upon his "purse" inconveniently. Cloten continues:

"Cloten. Hast any of thy late master's *garments* in thy possession?

"Pisanio. I have, my lord, at my lodgings—*the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress,*

"Cloten. The first service thou dost me fetch that suit thither."

[Exit Pisanio.]

"Cloten. At Milford Haven.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, I will kill thee. I would these *garments* were come. She said upon a time that she held the very *garment* of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and *natural person*, together with the adornment of my qualities. *With that suit upon my back I will kill him, and in her eyes.*"

That is to say, he will claim one of the plays to attire his living personality with its fame, and so destroy the possibility of the creation of further dramas for posthumous renown. He proceeds:

"Cloten. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended over his dead body, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again."

[Re-enter Pisanio with the clothes.]

"Cloten. Be those the garments?"

"Pisanio. Ay, my noble lord.

"Cloten. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford."

[Exit Cloten.]

That last speech is filled with an inner meaning toward Bacon's fears for his autograph manuscripts of the dramas, and concealment of them.* Pisanio left alone says:

"Pisanio. Thou bid'st me to my loss, for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true: To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest."

We are next introduced to the dwellers in a cave of the mountainous region of Wales. They consist of an old man, banished by Cymbeline twenty years previously, and two youths, his adopted sons, but in reality the sons of the king, whom their nurse Euriphile had stolen from their nursery, and delivered to him, for which he had married her, she being since dead. The old man is named BELARIUS, *symbolizing in the allegory the fine air of study and self-discipline* (the name being French Latinized) in which, during the twenty years previously to the writing of this play—that is, from 1589 to 1609—Bacon had mentally retired; showing how early he had entered upon the development of that intellectual and moral self-culture, which was destined to be wrought into a philosophy and a virtuous example for the coming ages.

The two youths were named, respectively, Guiderius and Arviragus, but *the old man had given to each another name, which serves as a confirmatory expletive in the allegory*. He thus describes them. First, Guiderius:

"Belarius. This POLYDORE,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father called GUIDERIUS,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit,† and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits
Fly out into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck,—even thus
His princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
And puts himself in posture
That acts my words."

* NOTE.—How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust.—*Son. 48.*

† NOTE.—*Three-foot stool*, signifying the three kingdoms of study—the physical, the ethical, and the ideal.

The word POLYDORE, lingually interpreted, signifies *Many Ores*,* and GUIDERIUS in the same way may be explained to mean, *As a Guide*, while, putting the two together, we arrive at a rendering that implies, *A Philosopher, through many-sided knowledge*. When Belarius relates the feats of discovery, and the triumphs of progress in history, Guiderius puts himself *in posture that acts*—indicating the *experimental system of Bacon*. Thus, this character represents BACON, THE PHILOSOPHER.

Belarius next describes Arviragus:

"*Belarius.* The younger brother, CADWAL,
Once ARVIRAGUS, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving."

ARVIRAGUS, from the Latin *Ars* (Art) and *Vir* (Man), is translated: *As with the Art of Manhood*.† CADWAL is thus derived: *Cad*, from *Caducarius* (relating to property without a master), and *Val*, from *Validus* (strong, of a healthy complexion); while the two combined may be thus rendered: *Strong and harmonious manhood, through self-government*; and this character symbolizes BACON, THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

The expression, "strikes life into my speech," etc., implies that *the individual, Bacon, moulded study and ethics into original conceptions of his own*.

Elsewhere again, Belarius describes the two in their noble traits possessed in common as reflections of "Nature's" best, by an "invisible instinct":

"*Belarius.* O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazonest
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

On our introduction to these mountaineers of the fine air upon the summits of mind, they are emerging from their cave in the early morning. Belarius says to the youths:

* NOTE.—In a letter to Sir Henry Wotton, from York House, Oct. 20, 1620, Bacon says: "I shall be very glad to entertain a correspondence with you in both kinds which you write of; for the latter, I am now ready for you, having sent you some *ore* of that mine."

† NOTE.—*Ars* has a meaning as transferred to morals, so far as it is made known by manner of acting, habit, practice, as in the following from *Plautus*: Si into *agrotant artes antiquæ tuæ*; thy former *manner of life*.

"Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arched so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun."

And then devotionally:

"Bel. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house in the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do."

The youths in turn respond: "All hail!"

Which may be construed that the lowly "roof" of humility teaches adoration and that the gate of knowledge leads to the open "heaven," while study is salutation in its presence.

Belarius continues:

"Bel. O this life is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncrossed; no life to ours."

Bacon's expression of his own experiences of the two phases.

The youths, however, plead for the privilege of seeing the world, and gaining a knowledge of life, when the old man replies:

"Bel. Did you but know the city's usuries,
And feel them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies o' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, *this story*
The world may read in Me."

How plainly and sadly does Bacon here depict himself! This passage, or at any rate, the concluding verses, must evidently have been written after his final fall, and in the revision of the play for the folio.

Belarius goes on to describe the cause of his banishment.

"Bel. My report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me:
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, *in one night,*
A storm, a robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,

*And left me bare to weather.
 My fault being nothing (as I have told you of't,)
 But that two villains, whose false oath prevailed
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans; so
 Followed my banishment; and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
 Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time."*

In the foregoing there is the painful statement of a breach of trust, or "storm," by which Bacon, through ~~no~~ "fault" of his own, was, at the outset of his dramatic art, subjected to a virtual "robbery" of his fame in it, and indeed through this, to adequate fame due him otherwise; so that he was forced to pursue his mental avocations in an isolation as lonely and hard as the banishment to a mountain "rock."

Subsequently to the introduction of the mountaineers, there is a scene in which Imogen, having been left by Pisanio, and attired herself in the boy's disguise he had given her, while proceeding on her way to Milford, at first "within a ken," loses herself, and stops, weary and hungry, before their cave. Calling, and receiving no answer, she enters, and seeing food, she begins to eat, when Belarius and his sons returning, look in and behold her with great astonishment, and admiration of her beauty. Belarius says:

"*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or if not,
 An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy."

The beautiful expression is evidently suggested by the Apollo, as figuring the perennial youth of poetry.

Imogen, hearing them, comes out, and apologizes for her intrusion; whereupon the mountaineers question her. She informs them that her name is "Fidèle," and that she is on her way to Milford Haven to meet "a kinsman, bound for Italy." They are all singularly drawn to her, especially the youths, and offer her their hospitality, which she accepts. The next morning the following scene occurs before the cave with the three and Imogen:

"*Bel. (To Imogen.)* You are not well. Remain here in the cave.
 We'll come to you after hunting.

"*Arvir. (To Imogen.)* Are we not brothers?

"*Imo.* So man and man should be;
 But clay and clay differs in dignity,
 Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

"*Guid.* Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

"*Imo.* So sick I am not: yet I am not well:—
 But not so citizen a wanton, as
 To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

" *Guid.* I love thee : I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the might as much,
As I do love my father.

" *Bel.* What ? how ? how ?

" *Arvir.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
'My father, not this youth.'

Thus the relationship of the dramas (Imogen) to the philosophy (Guiderius) and the manhood (Arviragus) of Bacon, asserts itself under disguise. The last verse implies that Bacon would rather the *Novum Organum* should die than the dramas; for Belarius is also styled Morgan, to be translated, *My Organ*—meaning the *NOVUM ORGANUM* of Bacon.

Imogen turns aside to take a supposed restorative, which Pisanio had got from the Queen, and given her at parting from her. While she is doing it, the two youths talk of her, supposing her a boy:

" *Guid.* I could not stir him ;
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

" *Arvir.* Thus did he answer me ; yet said, *hereafter*
I might know more."

Here is an allusion to a future knowledge of the truth concerning the plays.

Belarius interrupts the brothers by bidding them join him in the hunting, and they all tell Imogen to enter the cave and rest, assuring her they will not be long away, and bidding her hasten and get well, for she must be their "housewife." She goes within, and the youths linger to extol the supposed boy to one another:

" *Arvir.* How angel-like he *sings!*

" *Guid.* But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in *characters*;
And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

" *Arvir.* *Nobly he yokes*
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

" *Guid.* I do note
That grief and patience, rooted to him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

" *Arvir.* Grow patience!
And let the stinking elder grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine."

A dainty first, and then a divinely pathetic description, in brief, of the spirit of the dramas. What, but such an under-meaning, could ever have suggested language so exquisite, to depict a fictitious heroine? And it is noticeable that the ostensible incidents could hardly have elicited the delineation.

Cloten, in his pursuit of Imogen and Posthumus, to Milford Haven, arrives now at a forest near the cave of the mountaineers, and soliloquizes:

" *Cloten.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. *How fit his garments serve me!* Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit, too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) *the lines of my body are as well made as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant of general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions;* yet this imperversant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, *thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be cut off; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face;* and all this done, spurn thy mistress home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting-place."

The actual identity of Cloten and Posthumus, as Bacon and his future fame in the dramas, is clearly indicated in the lines of the above soliloquy which I have italicized.

The mountaineers presently meet Cloten, just as he has despaired of finding Posthumus and Imogen. Belarius, who has seen him formerly at the court, recognizes him, and fearful that he has come to seek them as "outlaws," advises that they flee, lest Cloten have an ambush in reserve to take them. Guiderius replies:

" *Guid.* He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him."

It is philosophy solely, that can settle the problem whether or no Bacon's living fame in the dramas must be sacrificed.

The following then occurs between Cloten and Guiderius:

" *Cloten.* Soft! what are you
That fly me thus, some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

- " *Guid.* A thing more slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.
- " *Cloten.* Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief
- " *Guid.* To who? to thee?—What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. *Say, what art thou?*
Why should I yield to thee?
- " *Cloten.* Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my CLOTHES?
- " *Guid.* No, nor *thy tailor, rascal,*
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
- " *Cloten.* Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
- " *Guid.* Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee.
- " *Cloten.* Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
- " *Guid.* What's they name?
- " *Cloten.* Cloten, thou villain.
- " *Guid.* *Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,*
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
- " *Cloten.* *To thy farther fear,*
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
- " *Guid.* I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
- " *Cloten.* Art not afraid?
- " *Guid.* Those that I reverence, I fear—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them."

The above is filled with the intense meaning of the allegory. *It is Bacon, the philosopher, parleying contemptuously with Bacon, the personage of his day, who braves the former, however, to the death; for Guiderius, at length, cuts off his head—that is to say, Bacon's philosophy overcomes his personal vanity by impelling him to claim nothing of British fame from his own age.*

Guiderius joins Belarius and Arviragus, and informs them what he has done, when they hold a parley over the probability of there being some attendants of Cloten near to arrest them. The following lines, put in the mouth of Belarius, as spoken of Cloten,

"Bel. Though his humour
 Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
 ~~From one bad thing to worse,~~"

speak too sadly Bacon's consciousness of mistake and failure.

Belarius finishes his speech by saying:

"Bel. Then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head:"

Intending the probable danger to the future of the dramas by Bacon's personal claim of their authorship, even at his death.

Arviragus replies:

"Arvir. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er
 My brother hath done well."

Bacon, in his true manhood, is willing to abide by the chances of time for his just award, but approves, in the light of philosophy, of the present death of his fame.

Then Guiderius says of Cloten:

"Guid I have ta'en
 His head from him; I'll throw it into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
 That's all I reck."

Thus Bacon renounces his fame for that age, and gives it to "the fishes."

And later, Guiderius informs Belarius:

"Guid. I have sent Cloten's clot-poll down the stream
 In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
 For his return."

Which is a prediction that the contents of Bacon's brain should float down the "stream" of time, a "hostage" for his proper ultimate recognition.

Meantime, during the incident of the encounter and murder of Cloten, Imogen, having taken the specific given her by Pisanio before he left her as a restorative in case of illness, has fallen into a trance from its effects resembling death. This specific Pisanio had received from the Queen, who designed it as a fatal poison, having been deceived in it by her physician and obtained in its place only "a stuff, which being ta'en, would cease the present power of life." Belarius and Guiderius are outside of the cave, when they suddenly hear solemn music. They speak together:

"Bel. *My ingenious instrument!*
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

- " *Guid.* Is he at home?
 " *Bal.* He went hence even now.
 " *Guid.* What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother,
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys."

Now Belarius, we are told in two places in the drama, was also called MORGAN, which, by a play upon the sound, as I have already explained, is to be translated MY ORGAN, and symbolizes Bacon's great work, the NOVUM ORGANUM.

This is the "ingeni^o instrument" alluded to by Belarius in the above dialogue, and the reference fixes his symbol in the allegory. Imogen being in a death-trance, as we are presently to see—the dramas being concluded and their true fame dead until futurity, the author has applied himself to that serious work—the first time he has recurred to it since the death of his mother, quite probably, as may be surmised from the allusion. For Arviragus comes out of the cave, bearing Imogen, who is lifeless—the drug of Pisanio having been compounded to create a trance resembling death, instead of as a restorative. Belarius says:

- " *Bel.* Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms
 Of what we blame him for."

The scene that follows is most exquisitely plaintive. It seems the author's prevision of his own obsequies, and a self-pitying tear for the extinction of the divine soul of song that he had revelled in supremely. Arviragus tells the others:

- " *Arvir.* *The bird is dead
 That we have made so much of."*

Guiderius exclaims:

- " *Guid.* O sweetest, fairest lily!
 My brother wears thee not one half so well
 As when thou grew'st thyself."

Which means that the beauty of spirit that created the dramas far exceeded the conceptions which they might give of the mind of the man who held their future fame.

Belarius says:

- " *Bel.* Thou blessed thing!
 Jove knows what *man* thou might'st have made, but I,
 Thou died'st a most rare *boy*, of melancholy!"

Alluding to the early suppression of the author's fame in the dramas, and the "melancholy" interwoven in them, in consequence.

Then comes the description of the way the supposed boy was found dead.

"Arvir. *Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber."*

This is followed by the beautiful protestations of Guiderius and Arviragus to make him a worthy grave. Mark how in character each of them speaks:

"Guid. (*The philosophic Bacon*)
Why, *he but sleeps,*
If he be gone, *he'll make his grave a bed:*
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

"Arvir. (*The human Bacon*)
With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and *I live here, Fidele,*
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's *like thy face,* pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, *like thy veins:* no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides when flowers are none
To winter round *thy corse.*

"Guid. (*The philosophic Bacon*)
Pry'thee, have done,
And *do not play in wench-like words with that*
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt."

And afterwards Arviragus, with his human side, asks, "Where shall we lay him?" To that, even the philosophic side responds, recognizing the sanctity of the parental bond: "By my good Euriphile, our mother," reminding us of Bacon's wish expressed in his will: "For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, there was my mother buried." Thereafter, the two brothers try to sing a threnody. Arviragus recalls how their mother had been sung to the ground, and would have a repetition of that pious requiem:

"Arvir. (*The human Bacon*)
Sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele."

That "Fidele" is too tender, too tearful, too holy, for comment of mine. It is blotted while I write it with the dew of my sympathy for the divine soul as he penned that record of filial remembrance and fealty unto the union of death.

But Guiderius cannot sing, for, *was it not the music of their tri-partner they were burying?* and philosophically he says:

'Guid. *I cannot sing: I'll weep, and woe it with thee;*
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie."

Arviragus responds:

"We'll speak it then."

And now Belarius breaks in, and reminds them that they have forgotten to bury Cloten, saying that though he came as an enemy, "he was paid for that," and was yet "a queen's son," and they should "bury him as a prince."

The compensation in store from futurity is the under-meaning of the expression "He was paid for that."

The youths then request him to bring Cloten's body, again speaking respectively in character:

"Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
*Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.*

"Arvir. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. [Exit Belarius.]

"Guid. Nay, Cadwal, *we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for it.*"

The student of Bacon will possibly find this "reason" in the *Novum Organum*.

The brothers sing their dirge, in a song that has been subject to derogatory criticism, and portions of which have been rejected as authentic productions of the same pen as the play. Regarded as Bacon's anticipatory dirge of his own decease, it will be seen how intensely appropriate and pathetic he must have felt it to be, however, and it thus becomes almost impossible to read it without a sympathetic tear. There can be no doubt either of its genuineness, nor of its appositeness of strength and meaning in every line. It will be observed also that Guiderius and Arviragus—the one as the philosopher and the other as the man, in the stanzas and verses respectively assigned to each—preserve their different traits:

SONG.

"Guid. (*Bacon the philosopher.*)
*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and to'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

"Arvir. (*Bacon the man.*)
*Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust."*

Then the brothers alternate a verse in two more stanzas, concluding with a chorus by both. Guiderius says in the former of these:

"Fear not slander, censure rash ;"

And in the latter:

"Ghost unlaid forbear thee."

They end the song with the chorus:

*"Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave."*

It is peaceful "consummation" that Bacon craves after the fret of his courtier's life, and posthumous renown for his "grave." As to the suggestion of the two foregoing verses quoted, fear of "slander" haunted him all his life, and perhaps the ghost of the unfortunate Essex, whom while he had as a patriot condemned, but still loved, as Brutus Cæsar, was ever "unlaid" in his bosom.

Belarius returns with the body of Cloten, just as they have completed their obsequies, and they lay him down beside Imogen. Belarius says:

"Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more ;
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew of the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
 You were as flowers, now withered : even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away : apart upon your knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again :
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain."

Thus has Bacon anticipatively performed here the obsequies of his personal fame. I know of nothing so touching in all literature as this imaginative burial, first, of his divine soul of song, as it was known to himself and unknown to others, and as revealed to us in these palpitating dramas; and then of its clothed-on personality, as this was presented to the world, and worn as a necessity of his day, but under inward disclaim and protest. It may be noticed that he has the same burial for both, of herbs and flowers, with no distinction even in the simile. For it was an anticipation, too, of his own death—the death of his spirit of song, and of his bodily part—which, in his self-surrender, would have long to wait for faithful chaplets, saving these woven by himself.

Imogen, being only in a trance, however, awakes as soon as the effects upon her of the drug disappear. She is at first bewildered, and cannot make out where she is. Presently she perceives Cloten's headless body. Then she soliloquizes. Her soliloquy may be read as expressing Bacon's feelings in view of his position, deprived of the true attitude and prestige which should have been his as the known author of the dramas, and of his self-reproaches at the "fear" which

he had at first permitted to deprive him of his "head." The double-meaning is intensely "pregnant," and tragic beyond words, though the play is styled a comedy:

"*Imo* These flowers are like the pleasures of the world :
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope, I dream ;
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing.
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear. But if there be
 Yet left in heaven so small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, *feared* gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still, even when I wake,
 It is without me as within me, not imagined, felt.
 A headless man! the garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg ; this is his hand,
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules ; but his Jovial face—
 Murder in Heaven ! How?—'tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses maddened Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 Conspired with that irreligious devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous ! Damned Pisanio
 Hath with his *forged letters*—Damned Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the maintop ? O Posthumus ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? Ah me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart
 And left this head on. How should this be ? Pisanio ?
 'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O 'tis pregnant, pregnant !"

There may be read in outburst the whole tragedy of this deprived fame. The foot of Mercury, the thigh of Mars, the muscles of Hercules, the garments even of genius, left a headless trunk, without their proper visage—the "Jovial face" extinct in blank despair, through "fear," and "murder in heaven." Pregnant? Aye, with the death of joy, where joy might worthiest have lived.

The Roman general arrives at Milford Haven, and finds the fleet landed there from Gallia. He comes across Imogen, prostrate upon the dead body of Cloten, and taking her for the page she appears, questions her of the corpse and of herself. She answers him that the body is that of her master, "a very valiant Briton, and a good," and an unequalled master. When the general then inquires his name, she replies :

"*Imo.* *Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do*
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
 They'll pardon it."

In the lines I have italicized, there is an allusion to the falsehood of Shakspeare's name in the plays, as being harmless, while the RICHARD

du Champ contains in itself the intimation of the fatal field whereon the author's dramatic fame was slain betimes.

The Roman offers Imogen service with him, when she says :

"*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep a sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you."

Thus we learn why it was that Bacon relinquished his dramatic fame in life and at death. It was in order that he might be "hidden from the flies." But he was also at the same time assured, that this should only be for "a century twice o'er," or thereabouts. How accurately his prophecy hit the length of time it would take for his exhumation! For it was but a little over this predicted two centuries when his name began to be mentioned as the author of the Shakespeare dramas, first in his own country, and then in America.

Next comes a scene in Cymbeline's palace, in which we learn that the Queen is

"In a fever with the absence of her son,
 A madness, of which her life's in danger :—"

And this, Cymbeline says :

"*Cym.* In a time
 When fearful wars point at me : her son gone,
So needful for the present ;"

implying Bacon's sense of his usefulness as an adviser to the King.

Cymbeline demands of Pisanio where Imogen is, on pain of torture, who replies that he does not know.

A lord says to the King, speaking of Cloten :

"*Lord.* Good my liege,
 The day that *she* was missing, *he* was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
 For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found."

This expresses that although Bacon had bereft England of the true fame of the dramas, he should still ever be found a loyal subject; and for his authorship in the plays, it would come to be diligently "sought," and would, "no doubt, be found"—a prediction which my present rendering of the allegory of this play verifies, in the year 1881, two hundred and fifty-five years after his death.

In the following scene the three mountaineers, hearing the stir of the Roman forces in their neighborhood, consult together what they had better do. Belarius advises that they retire higher in the mountains, as it would be dangerous for them to join the King's party on account of the murder of Cloten. Guiderius tells him this is "a doubt nothing becoming" him, nor "satisfying" them; and Arviragus says it is not likely that they will be taken note of in the excitement of the Roman invasion. Belarius replies:

"*Bel.* Besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter."

That conveys Bacon's sense of wrong in the long want of proper appreciation by King James, and in his insecurity for the prosecution of his philosophical writings.

Guiderius insists on joining the action, since it were "better to cease to be," than to remain in their retreat. And Arviragus says:

"*Arvir.* By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown."

From which we may conclude that Bacon had, up to the time of writing this play, perhaps up to the time of revising it, three years before his decease, in his studious life, kept aloof from scenes of death and action, and felt it to be censurable.

Belarius, finding that the youths are determined on joining the army, agrees to accompany them.

The fifth act has for its opening scene a field between the British and Roman camps, and Posthumus with the bloody handkerchief sent him in token by Pisanio, in soliloquy of grief:

"*Post.* O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this:
But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more! You some permit
To second ill with ills, each elder worse;

And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey!—*I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a British peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I came with: so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is every breath a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril,
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within."*

In the foregoing Bacon blames the fear that had at first caused him to disavow the dramas, in doing which he had been permitted "to second ill with ills, each elder worse" in cause of "dread." But he bows to it as destiny—the will of the "gods," to whom the plays belong, and he would be "bless'd to obey."

"I am brought hither among the Italian gentry" has a double sense. *The under-reading is that Bacon has been brought here among the Italian forms of his fiction.* But to be thus known would be "a wound" to Britain; therefore he'll "disrobe of these Italian weeds," and simply be a patriot—so to fight, he says, "*against the part I came with.*" Now there is deep significance in this clause. *The Tempest* is the first play in the folio, placed there, as we now see, according to design—as *Cymbeline* is designedly placed the last—and its characters are Italian. Yet this is but one phase of the explanation. *In that play Bacon comes with the enchanter's wand of fiction, which holds sway over the magic of the whole volume, in resigning the fame of which he disrobes himself of that prestige of his genius, and "fights against the part he came with."* The last two verses are a conscious self-deprecation of the fault of outward conformity, which history has ascribed to Bacon. That he himself should thus have deplored it, and recorded his desire to rectify it, redeems it as a serious blot on his name.

A skirmish takes place in the succeeding scene between the Britons and the Romans, wherein Posthumus follows the British army as a poor soldier, and has an encounter alone with Iachimo, in which he vanquishes and disarms him. The battle continues: the British ~~fly~~, *flee* Cymbeline is taken, when Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus appear, and shout as follows:

"*Bel.* Stand, stand! we have the advantage of ground!
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

"*Guid. and Arvir.* Stand, stand, and fight!"

This is the rallying cry of Bacon to modern philosophy, to take its "stand" on experiment, having "the advantage of ground."

Posthumus appears and seconds the Britons, and Cymbeline is rescued. Then ensues a scene in another part of the field, in which a lord, not knowing that Posthumus had been present, relates to him the desperate situation of the British, when the "strange chance" of "A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys," with the word "Stand, stand," inspired the retreating Britons, and saved the day.

Posthumus replies:

"*Post.* Nay, you are not to wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.' "

This is, in allegory, the anticipation of the Baconian "lane" or path of induction, and the "stand" is the pause on a fact for a new rally. The old man is the Novum Organum, and the "old man twice a boy" is the Cogita and Visa, which was its first form.

The lord goes, and Posthumus soliloquizes:

"*Post.* This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words. Well, I will find him,
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder."

"To be in the field, and ask, what news of me!" means to exclaim against the folly of the nobility who were living in that day of Bacon himself, and suspended his award to a posthumous age. The succeeding lines italicized allude by contrast to his willingness to die to personal fame from noble motives: but to his saving a "charmed" immortality, hidden in the "fresh cups, soft beds, and sweet words" of the plays. And to this end, Posthumus adds:

"*Post.* For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen."

This implies, of course, the loss of his personal fame in the plays at his death, for the sake of their preservation to posterity.

Some British captains and soldiers here appear, and arrest Posthumus. At this juncture Cymbeline enters, attended by Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus and Pisanio. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler.

Next, we have the scene of Posthumus in prison, and soliloquizing as follows:

"*Post.* Most welcome bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, *death; who is the key*
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists: You, good gods, *give me*
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired, more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, *take*
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third.
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine: and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life: you coined it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp:
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours. And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, *take this life*
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence."

It is plain in the above that, while the author resigns his fame in the dramas to "bondage," he yet blames himself in some sort for the necessity. But we may see in it the struggle it cost him. We can also see in it plainly that his art was the idolatry of his life. How pathetic the lines:

"For Imogen's dear life, take mine: and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life:"

And the close, with this its true application, and no fiction, cannot be read without tears for the supreme surrender. Surely, this was the tragedy of tragedies.

But now, as Posthumus sleeps, a vision comes to him. He beholds the apparitions of his father, Sicilius Leonatus, his mother, and two young Leonati, his brothers, who gather around him, and severally address some poetic stanzas to Jove in his behalf, beseeching that "his

miseries" be taken off. The Thunderer appears, and rebukes the "ghosts," ordering them back to their "never withering banks of flowers," and telling them it is no care of theirs, but his; adding:

"*Jove.* Whom best I love, I cross; *to make my gift
The more delayed, delighted.* Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
*Our jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.* Rise and fade!
*He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.*
*This tablet lay upon his breast: wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine,
And so away."*

He disappears, when the ghosts place the tablet on the breast of the sleeping Posthumus, and vanish. Presently Posthumus awakes, and speaks:

"*Post.* And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve;
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours: so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A BOOK? *O rare one!*
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise."

Posthumus then reads from a label this riddle:

"*When, as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find,
and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."*

The vision and riddle here given have hitherto, with the short-sightedness of long-time criticism, been regarded as a disfigurement to this play. Indeed, various commentators have styled these "mumery," pronouncing them to be an addition to the piece by another hand and one inferior to that which produced the rest. Some one has supposed that "Shakespeare admitted them because it may have been customary in his day for plays that were put upon the stage to end with a riddle." But it will now be seen that this "riddle" was the gist of the whole volume of dramas ("A book? O rare one!"), committed to posterity confidently; *for evidently the dream has left a BOOK thus labelled for solution.*

Posthumus ends his soliloquy:

"*Post.* 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or a senseless speaking, or a speaking such

*As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy."*

"Madmen," whose "brains" are incapable of conceiving any special import in this dream and riddle, will simply "tongue" it, nor ever discover its hidden meaning; for it is "a speaking" whose unravelling does not lie within the province of "sense," but belongs to the realm of discernment and apprehension.

A gaoler now enters the prison, and calls Posthumus to come out to his death, be quit of the "contradictions" of earth, and take "the discharge of what's past, is, and to come." The following colloquy ensues:

"Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

"Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

"Post. Yes, indeed I do.

"Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

"Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

"Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness. I am sure hanging's the way of winking."

Here we have the statement of Bacon's confidence that his fame should rise from its voluntary grave in these dramas. "There are none want eyes," he says, "to direct them the way he is going"—that is, to his ultimate recognition in this play, and in the rest of the dramas—"but such as wink, and will not use them." But I opine, there cannot much longer be such winking; for, "What an infinite mock is this, that men should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness"—imagining that a Shakespeare could have written these mighty dramas.

A messenger enters the prison:

"Mess. Knock off his manacles.

"Post. Thou bringest good news. I am called to be made free."

This was the previsionary fulfillment to Bacon of his resurrected name in the plays.

The final scene is in Cymbeline's tent. It opens with the entrance of Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, with

officers and attendants. Their several symbolisms in the allegory must be kept in mind in their ensuing conversation.

"Cym. (*As Britain's Fame.*)

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. *Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targe of proof, cannot be found.
HE SHALL BE HAPPY THAT CAN FIND HIM,
IF OUR GRACE CAN MAKE HIM SO."*

There is the record of Bacon's promise, in the name of Britain and her "grace," to the one "that can find him" in the dramas.

"Bel. (*As the Fine Air of Thought.*)

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks."

That alludes to the little advantage Bacon reaped in his life-time from his superiority.

"Cym. No tidings of him?

"Pisanio. (*Fear.*)

*He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.*

"Cym. (*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, as the works, philosophy and character of Bacon.*)

To my grief
I am the heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives."

The Roman general, Imogen, Posthumus, Iachimo, and the rest of the Roman prisoners, are now brought into the King's presence, when a general *denouement* takes place. Cymbeline discovers Imogen to be his daughter, recognizes Posthumus in the soldier who had saved the battle to him, and restores them to each other, in honor and happiness, Iachimo confessing his villainy. Cymbeline says here, in his astonishment at these revelations:

"Cym. Does the world go round?
*If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy."*

So should British fame at this restoration to her immortal Bacon of his poetic laurels be stricken "with mortal joy"

When Cymbeline's daughter then speaks, he exclaims, spellbound:

"Cym. The TUNE of Imogen!"

As much as to say, "The POETRY of Bacon's imagination!"

The King proceeds to tell Imogen that her mother is dead, and when she expresses her regret, he responds:

"Cym. Oh, she was nought, and 'long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely."

It was on account of the emptiness of Bacon's age, that the true fame of the dramas, in his name, must meet them so late.

Belarius next becomes known to the king, as "old Morgan," whom he had "sometime banished," and presents to him Guiderius and Arviragus, as his own long-lost sons, and brothers to Imogen. Then Cymbeline says:

"Cym. Oh, what, am I
A MOTHER to the birth of THREE? Ne'er MOTHER
Rejoiced deliverance more. *Bless'd may you be
That after this strange starting from your orbs
You may reign in them now.*"

That "mother," twice over, should long ago, except for criticism's "seeing the way of blindness," have suggested the allegorical sense of *Cymbeline*. By "three" is designed the three orders of fame due to Bacon, as philosopher, man and poet—these having been strangely "started from their orbs," but henceforward "to reign in them."

Cymbeline, however, fears that by the restoration to Imogen of her brothers, she has "lost a kingdom," when she replies:

"Imo. No, my lord,
*I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother
When I was but your sister. I you brothers
When you were so indeed.*"

Cymbeline delights in the "instinct" which drew the brothers and sister thus at once together, but wishes for further developments hereafter at fitting "time" and "place:"

"Cym. When shall I hear *all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These, and your THREE MOTIVES to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories.*"

This is Bacon's demand for similar investigation of the foregoing dramas (the play of *Cymbeline* being the last in the folio of 1623), for the filling out of the "fierce (proud) abridgement" of his discovery in this play, in "circumstantial" revelations which "distinction should

be rich in," in the other dramas, as to his concealed authorship—its cause, origin, the "three motives" for its maintenance throughout all his life, and at his death.

Cymbeline continues:

"Cym. See,
 *Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her arms
 On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
 Each object with a joy: the counterchange
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—"*

The above is Bacon's prediction, that this restoration of the dramas, in tri-partnership with his philosophy, and his virtuous character, known at last in its true light, to Britain's fame, should fall suddenly, "like harmless lightning," with "counterchange" of "joy."

Cymbeline adds to Belarius:

"Cym. Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever."

The *Novum Organum* is here declared "brother" to Britain's fame by its omnipotent and omniscient author—a declaration which Britain would do well to bear in mind.

The play closes with the narration by Posthumus of the dream he had while in prison, and his handing the "label" left on his bosom to a soothsayer to expound. The soothsayer, after reading the riddle aloud, explains it thus:

"Sooth. *Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp,
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much."*

To Cymbeline:

"*The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter."*

(An ambiguity characteristic of the soothsayer's art follows here, and the explanation continues:)

"*The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopped branches point
 Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now revived,
 To the majestic cedar joined: whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty."*

With the foregoing hints, I find no difficulty in giving the sub-joined absolute

SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE.

When, at the time that a posthumous fame born of a (British) lion, shall, unconsciously and without seeking, find itself embraced by the tender "Ariel" of its own BOOK, O RARE ONE! and when the branches

Subsequently to this primary breaking of the ground, there has been a growing tendency among critics of these plays, to the notion of some concealed significance, in passages of them, at least. And about three months since, I was surprised to receive a letter from a gentleman concerning the probable Baconian authorship, pointing out to me the derivative symbolism of names in some of the dramas—supposing, as I had, that no one had detected this but myself—although, I should add, that none of his explanations accorded at all with my own.

All this is only evidence that the time has been ripening toward that recognition and revelation of the enigma of these dramas to which I here invite you. It is the greatest of mankind appealing to you from the tomb of his magic volume, in the miracle of his own prophecy, to inscribe it henceforth with his resurrected name.

I am aware that the kind of proof you must accept in this case is of a singular nature—so singular, indeed, that it can only address itself to the highest order of minds. What you are expected to recognize here is, in fact, as far above the average capacity as are the equations of the differential calculus. But to the discerners, the respective truths can be no less positive in the one instance than in the other. This is truth pressed home by analogy—the sphere neither of logic nor of mathematics, but the sphere equally of certainty to those minds which can grasp it. The proof here is of that order by which we are compelled at last to accept all the highest truths we have. It is that kind of truth which is involved in no formula, but compels recognition upon abstract grounds. Still, there are vital objective points to negative the refusal of it. Coincidences, as I have just said, are marvellous. But there are some things that can never have been fitted together by coincidence: such as the adjustment of the names of the *dramatis personæ* to their appropriate symbols as I have here presented them to you, and these to the genius of their several personifications in the situations and development of this play. If you explain the allegory of Bunyan by the names of the characters and the fitness of these to the names, you cannot evade the similar explanation of *Cymbeline*. It could have been no coincidence on the part of the writer, that sixteen names given to personages are adapted to a symbolism working out a consistent and harmonious result, sustaining a perception that has otherwise partially obtained among the students of these plays, that they are the production of Francis Bacon. Neither could any accident or ingenuity on my part have effected this dove-tailed construction of the piece. It is noticeable also that there are certain expressions in the play which have no possible meaning except in the light of this discovery—such as these:

"A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double."

"My ingenious instrument."

"A mother to the birth of three."

"Three motives to the battle."

The rendering of the closing enigma without a flaw, cannot either, have been the result of any adroitness of mine. In short, nothing else than an absolute reading of the mind of the writer, in the allegorical construction of *Cymbeline*, could ever have produced this harmonious and miraculous revelation, as it is now laid before you. To myself, my rendering of this play comes as the seal and proof of an allegorical sense that I had two years and a half since detected in the sonnets by the same hand, and subsequently discovered to be pursued in the volume of dramas—the sonnets proving, in fact, a key to the under-reading of the plays. I feel that my penetration into, and unfolding of the inmost mind and heart of these plays, is a realization of the deepest reach of sympathetic intuition of which the human intellect and soul are capable—only short of that attained by the immortal dramatist himself, who now posthumously claims his “BOOK, O, rare one!” at your hands.

It is for you whom I address, by accepting his appeal of prophetic history, to dethrone an impracticable myth, and immediately re-engraft with all fitting *eclat* in the spreading cedar of your native Britain, the tri-fold fame of

“Large browed Verulam,
The first of those who know.”

Will you not bid me say, in joy of my achievement, “Come forth, now, god of my soul, called by your own pre-ordered miracle to be found of your kindred mate, cast off the mask of two centuries and a half, receive with that of your ‘Imogen,’ ‘my’ tender-air embrace,” and take from my vibrating hands your posthumous fame, to resound the British Cymbal.”

Thus, members of the New Shakspeare Society, and people to whom the true fame of England is dear in her illustrious names, you have my disclosure, and its inclusive and inevitable appeal. I would respectfully suggest that you take action immediately upon these as to the expediency of your receiving my exposition of the other dramas. I may remark that such exposition includes a disclosure of the author's primary reasons for giving over the reputation of the plays to Shakespeare, and reveals an absolute divineness of ideality in them, never hitherto conceived, in all the laudative dissection and criticism which have been lavished on them. As there was a reason for the placing of *Cymbeline* at the end of the folio, so there was, similarly, one for the putting of the *Tempest* at the beginning, as I am prepared to show you. And I can unfold to you the same allegorical, or semi-allegorical, under-reading more or less carried on throughout the plays, forming an explanation of words and passages hitherto admitted to be hopelessly obscure. As I have already said in my prefatory remarks, my health is precarious, so that I am liable to be called from the world at any time, leaving this important discovery but thus partially revealed. Therefore, if your action shall approve the reception and formal announcement of

my revelation, I request that your Society communicate with me as to placing my discovery in a shape that shall best redound to Lord Verulam's restituted name in these dramas before the literary world.

Whatever your decision may be, however, I am assured that the recognition of Bacon's title cannot much longer be delayed. Truth and justice must, in the course of human events, assert their own vindication. Thus, as confidently as Bacon committed to the play of *Cymbeline* his prophecy of the final discovery of his proper fame, even so confidently do I here place on record my prediction that, twenty-five years hence, the rendering I have given of it will prevail, and that he will be accepted as the real author of the works so long falsely attributed to Shakespeare.

I have the honor to be, yours, with great respect,

CATHARINE F. ASHMEAD WINDLE,

(Of Philadelphia).

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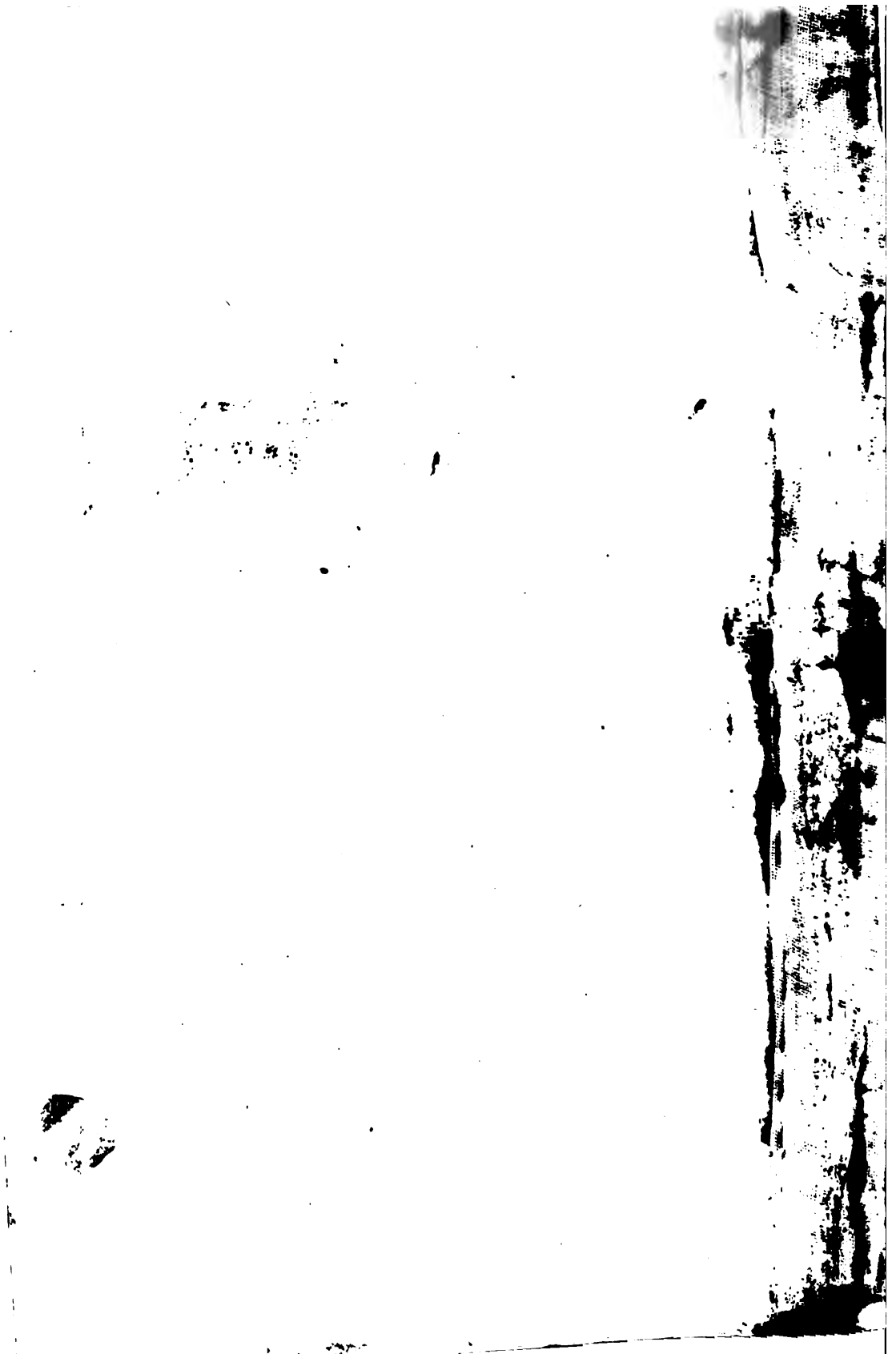
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